

THE EXHIBITION AND FOREIGNERS.



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Street, Seven Dials, where Two or Three New
Songs are published every week.

Look out, look out, mind what you're about,
And how you do go on sirs,
Mark what I say in the mouth of May,
Eighteen hundred and fifty one, sir.
In London will be all the world.
Oh! how John Bull will shrill then,
The Russian, Prussian Turk and Jew,
And the King of the Sandwich Islands.
Of all the sights was ever seen,
In all the days by-gone, sirs,
Such never was as will be in,
Eighteen hundred and fifty one, sirs.

Well Neighbour, can you tell me the meaning of
the Great Exhibition they are so looking so ward to
behold in Hyde Park next May? Tell, to be sure I
can. Don't you know there is to be everybody in the
world and everything in the world, and all out of the
world, aye, and every where else? The devil there is.
Aye, and the devil there ain't! There is to be Noah's
Ark, and David's Harp, Solomon's Temple, the Tower
of Babel, the Den of Lions, the Whale who swal-
lowed Jonah, Queen Anne's Fathing, and the man
who struck Mick Buckley!
There'll be Noah's Ark, King David's Harp,
And the Mermaid with her tails, sir,
Likewise the man we understand,
Who swallowed up the Whale sirs;
Some great Baboons with maids in bloom,
So charming, gay and handsome,
And the famed, alas! jaw bone of an ass,
That was in the wars with Sampson.

There will be a prize given to the old women who
can drink strong gunpowder tea out of a washing tub,
and the most boiling hot soap suds out of the red hot
spout of an iron, brass copper, wooden tea kettle.
Well I'm blowed Bet if you won't win the prize for
I'll bet a bushel of cinders that you can drink twenty
seven water but's full of blazing boiling hot tea made
of Gunpowder, no matter if there was an Artillery man
in it, three great guns and two bushels of cannon balls
any morning before breakfast!

There'll be carro's, parrots, crocodiles,
Orangoutangs and men, eys,

With buffaloes and elephants,
Hyenas pigs and donkeys.
With plums as big as Highgate Hill
Blues back and whites so ma
Ginger pop a kick and a hop,
and sticks thro' thro' a penny.

Every Cobblers stall will be turned into a lodging
house for foreigners. There will be the King of
Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the Queens of Spain
and Portugal, the Prince of Hamburg, the Prince of
Saxenburgh, the Brewers Baker, Mantu Makers,
Beekeepers, Jews and Quakers, the dying speech of
the Undertakers, Farmers, Butchers, Ploughmen and
Sailors, Labourers, Masons, Bricklayers and Tailors
Bugs and Fleas, with Hives of Bees, and Maids with
Petticoats up to their knees and there will be seen
Priests and the Queen, Ireland's Harp and the
Shamrock Green, Cats playing hey down diddle, Girls
with haybands round their middle, Scotchmen rubbing
up against the trees in Hyde Park, singing curse the fid-
dle & the Great Hyde Park Exhibition in the bargain.

There'll be candy for the ladies sweet,
Ready made up in the tents, sirs,
With cigars and mackintoshes for
The Ladies and the Gents, sirs;
There'll be Barbers shaving donkeys too,
And Ladies riding pigs, sirs;
And Monkeys in a carriage making, I
Petticoats and wigs, sirs.

Well Dick, I must acknowledge that Hyde Park
will beat all the world and no mistake, but I fear of
the Foreigners are all permitted to triumph over old
John Bull he will be where he has often been before
—put in the hole—but let us say Old England for
ever and may she do as she always did,—beat the
world and shout triumphantly Victory and Liberty.

There'll be lollipops and mutton chops,
And large Bergami pears, sirs,
And ladies velvet breeches,
Double lined with curly hairs, sirs;
There'll be Bantam Cocks and Turkey Cocks,
And more then I can tell, sirs,
And private rooms for Ladies,
For to play at bagatelle, sirs.
Such larks and sprees beneath the trees,
In Hyde Park will be seen, sirs;
In eighteen hundred and fifty one,
In May God save the Queen, sirs.

